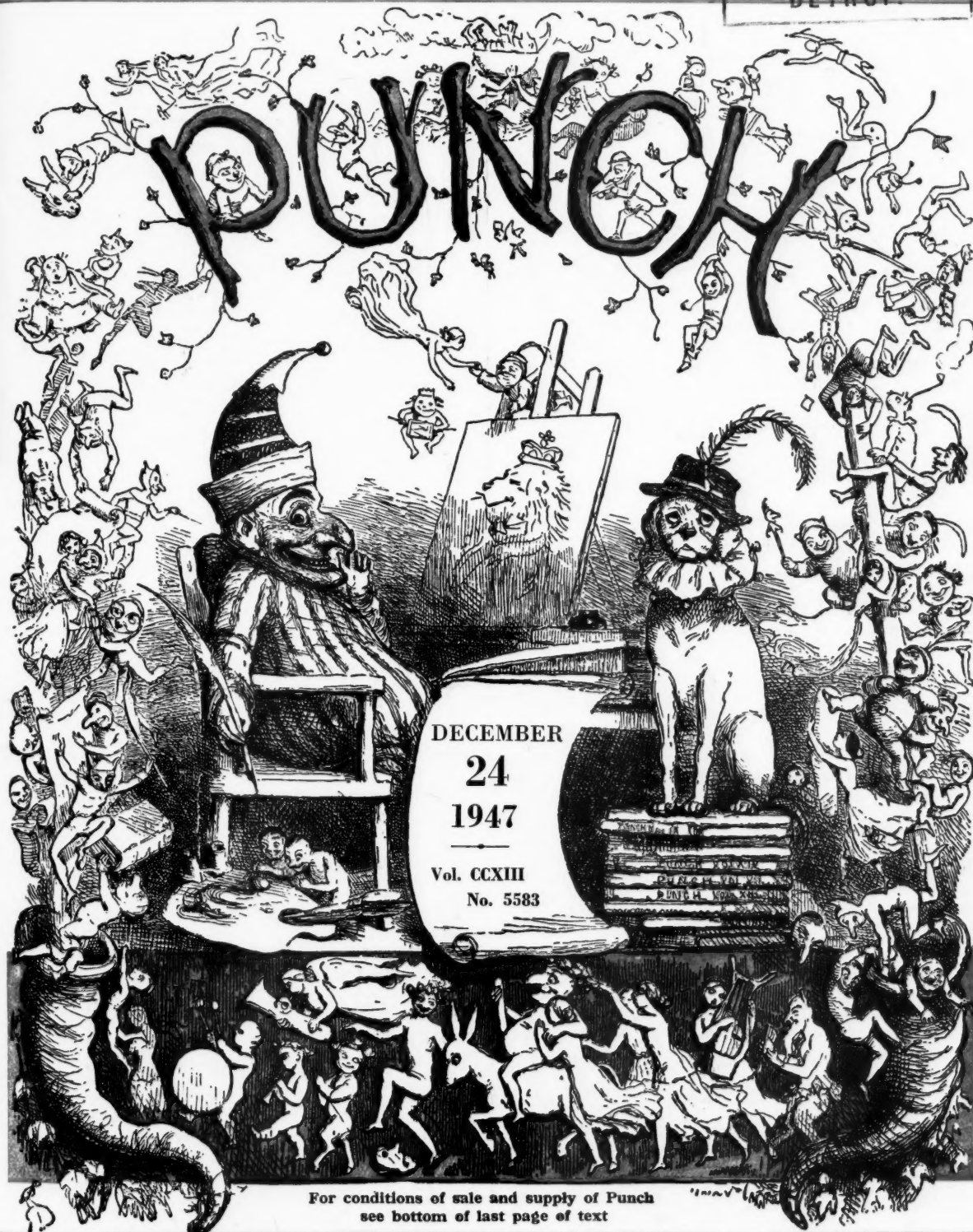


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DETROIT



DECEMBER
24
1947

Vol. CCXIII
No. 5583

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

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and the pleasure's yours



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and to transact business.

"Aye, Wisdom is the wurrd!"

say the Scots

Yon straight-line tufts
mak' it eith to clean the
awkwardneuks and crannies

D'ye ken the tufts
are widely spaced to
kame oot the wee smytes
o' food between yer teeth

Och! and
the haundle's
bent to fit
the mooth
richt bienli
and help ye
dae the job
without ony
adoos

D'YOU GET IT?

Yon	==	those
Eith	==	easy
Neuk	==	nook
Kame	==	comb
Smyte	==	particle
Haundle	==	handle
Richt	==	right
Bienli	==	comfortably
Dae	==	do
Ony	==	any
Adoos	==	difficulties



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so ask for

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CVS-84

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The Secretary
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Dr. Barnardo's Homes do not receive Family Allowances for the children in their care.

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**IT'S
TODAY'S
PARTY MANNERS**

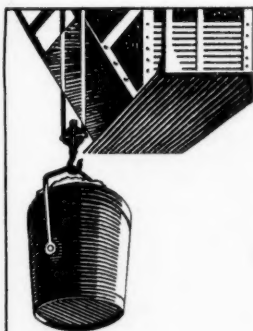
TO MAKE A 'JAMAICA OLD FASHIONED'

Add 3 or 4 dashes of bitters to 1 lump of sugar (or 1 teaspoonful of syrup). Then add 1 or 2 cubes of ice, a twist of lemon peel, a tot of J.R. and a splash of soda water. Old fashioned in a new way.

Brown Melban with K golf rubber sole and heel. 74/6 Limited stocks.



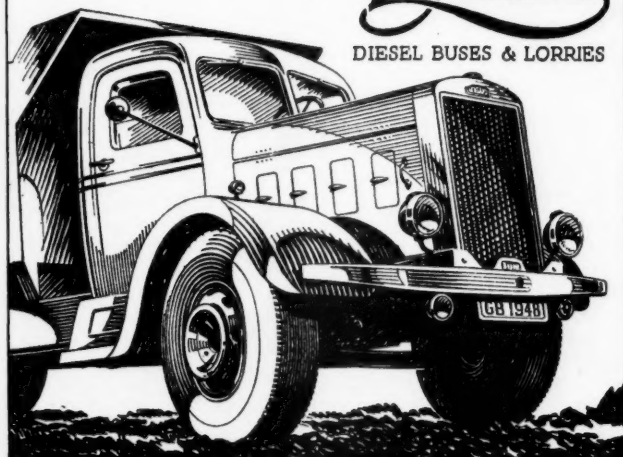
K shoes for a man



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Look for it in the best men's

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*Indigestion?
Ah, Yes!*

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TABLETS 1/6
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★ Please do not send your enquiries to us as we only make the steel.

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Of Chemists 2/6

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Donations gratefully received



*How doth the busy Mrs. B.
Improve each shining hour?*

She uses a floor polish that makes a hard job easier and really worth her while. In other words she always asks for Day & Martin's, for the simple reason that she could not ask for anything better.



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Beautiful and distinctive . . . in gleaming chromium with red, green or black relief. Price, complete 74/9. Supplies very limited. Leaflet on request to:—

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THE NEW
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**15 FOR 2/6— OR 20 FOR 3/4
...WHICH SAVES YOU MONEY?**

YOU can do it in your head: 2d. a cigarette either way, and a shocking price!

Quite. But here's an economy plan worth trying. If you used to pay 2/4 a packet, pay 2/6 now for a packet of Craven Plain. If you used to smoke a packet a day before, smoke a packet a day now.

Only 15 cigarettes, of course,

not 20. But 15 richly rewarding, full-size, Virginia cigarettes, generously packed to give extra long smoking. Cigarettes so good that you enjoy each one more.

Craven Plain smokers everywhere have found that this helps them to keep their spending down without cutting the quality of their smoking. Try the 'fifteen plan' . . . 2/6 a packet.

**CRAVEN
PLAIN**



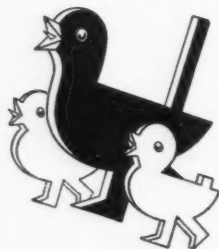


Children grow strong on Virol

VIROL COMPLETES THE DIET

BIRD'S CUSTARD

*Best known -
best liked*



BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES

Back they come



One by one

Crisis or no, festive boards will still ring with joyful laughter this Christmastide. So, too, will there still be the nourishing goodness and zestful flavour of the '57 Varieties' to add to mealtime gaiety. True, the abundance of old may not be apparent. Such appetising favourites are always first choice, and supplies are quickly exhausted. They are around though. Ask your regular retailer; he is your most likely source of supply.



HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

ALREADY ABOUT: Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Salad Cream, Mayonnaise, Soups, Sandwich Spread, Pickles, Vinegar, Vegetable Salad, and Strained Foods for Babies.



the secret's a

J.B. Foundation
Corsets, girdles, corselettes, brassieres



RUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIII No. 5583

December 24 1947

Charivaria

"SPARE a kind thought for your feathered friends at Christmas," exhorts a bird-lover. Many turkeys fear that this advice has come too late.

"I dialled O," says a correspondent, "and nothing happened." Well, after all, that's what he dialled.



"The French police have arrested several Russians, some with diplomatic vivas, and the Soviet Embassy has delivered a note of protest to the Foreign Office."—*Bristol paper.*

With discreet huzzas?

Writing in a woman's journal, a chef points out that it is possible to make the toughest flesh tender by beating it continuously with the hands. Joe Louis's, for instance?

Dolls'-houses are more popular than ever as Christmas presents. This year's model has a dear little car jacked up in the garage.

A woman-writer warns us that a nylon stocking can be ruined by the finger-nails if one puts one's hand in it. And that's why all the best Father Christmases wear gloves, children.

"What new distresses will the summer bring to this country?" asks a writer. Apart from Bradman, that is.

It is stated in a book-note that a well-known angler has just begun his reminiscences. His club-mates regard the announcement as being roughly forty years out-of-date.

A tradesman complains that he is unable to open a shop owing to the difficulty of obtaining fittings. Which raises the interesting speculation as to what sort of a counter counters go under.

Fancy Dress Optional.

"Wanted: Evening Dress or Black Bell Tent."

Advt. in "Western Telegraph."

"The England selectors should watch unorthodox players in the lesser known clubs as well as the tried stalwarts," urges a writer on Rugby football. A useful trial fixture would be Improbables *v.* Impossibles.



"Messrs. G. H. Petty and Son beg to announce that they have received instructions from the Public Library Committee to sell by auction, in the Junior Department of the Public Library (entrance in New Street), on Friday, 5th December, 1947, at 7 P.M., Newspapers and Periodicals, from 1st January to 31st December, 1948, inclusive."

Announcement in Lancs. paper.

And very gloomy reading they are, we bet.

An American riding-master, commenting on Rotten Row horsemanship, says that the English seat in the saddle is stiff and unyielding. A glance at our equestrian statues will confirm this.



Do You Recall?

DO you recall how we staved off hunger
 Ages ago when we were younger?
 Do you recall how, having taken
 Porridge and cream and eggs and bacon
 (Possibly there was kedgeriee
 But that was never a dish for me)
 And hot buttered scones and marmalade,
 The fragile form was enough upstayed
 To last through the hours to the cold roast beef
 And the celery sticks in tiny leaf,
 Roast potatoes and horse-radish sauce
 (Where is he now, that splendid horse?)
 And the apple tart and the Stilton cheese
 And a few mince-pies? No more than these
 To carry us through to the afternoon
 And the pleasant sound of the tinkling spoon
 (I remember eating a chocolate house
 At 3 P.M. and a sugar mouse)—
 To carry us through to the welcome break
 Of the muffin dish and the Christmas cake
 That gave us an appetite, I think,
 And made it certain we should not sink,
 Till we came to the time of the splendid bird,
 Whose calory contents seldom erred
 So was it larded and stuffed and bounded
 With all the fruits of the earth impounded

And the moist black face of the pudding lit
 In the darkened room (you remember it)
 And the coins concealed by the careful cutter
 And the clapping hands and the brandy butter;
 For they paved the way to the long dessert
 And the zeal which came with a sudden
 spurt
 For the Carlsbad plums and the Elba plums
 And the sugared pears and the figs in drums,
 And these in turn would carry us on
 To the frumenty and the snapdragon
 And the wassail bowl that crowned it all,
 These I remember, these I recall:
 The wine was sparkling, the wine was red,
 And I fancy before we went to bed
 We were fairly nourished up to the chins
 With all the appropriate vitamins,
 And I sometimes feel I have lost the knack
 Of dealing faithfully snack by snack
 With the dear old foods of long ago—
 But it does not matter. I shall not know—
 The children doubtless would like to hear
 What a lot they'd have got in a bygone
 year
 Though it's only a memory, nothing more,
 Of the way that we kept the wolf from the door.

EVOE.

Just a Hint in Season

EVER such a merry handclasp to good sorts the world over!

* * * * *

Glue. Many a leg is wrenched from couch and ottoman in the madcap scramble of Blind Man's Buff, so keep a glue-pot simmering on Christmas Day and make repairs as you go along. Nothing relieves the embarrassment of a contrite guest so swiftly as a dab of glue applied thinly to both surfaces. Press together till tacky and when well set chip off any surplus with a handy chisel. Then signal for the romp to continue.

It is a good plan to hand round sweetmeats while waiting for the join to harden, but remember that many people find the smell of hot glue troublesome and will welcome the opportunity to go out of the room as though for a guessing game. It all makes for variety, and endless fun can be had trying to guess where everybody has got to when the next game is due to begin.

Have plenty of pencils and paper in every room and ask your guests to fill in an idle moment by jotting down the first thing they see beginning with K. It sounds simple, but you will be surprised how many of them will write "Kobwebs."

* * * * *

Cracker-time. We all love crackers. There are few more exciting moments than that when the whole company rise to their feet grasping the gaily-decorated tubes and wait, with crossed arms and bated breath, for the signal to pull. Then it's all together with a yo-heave-ho, and down we go with flushed faces and laughing eyes to scramble in good-humoured rivalry for the precious trinkets! What a putting on of paper caps! What a blowing of shrill

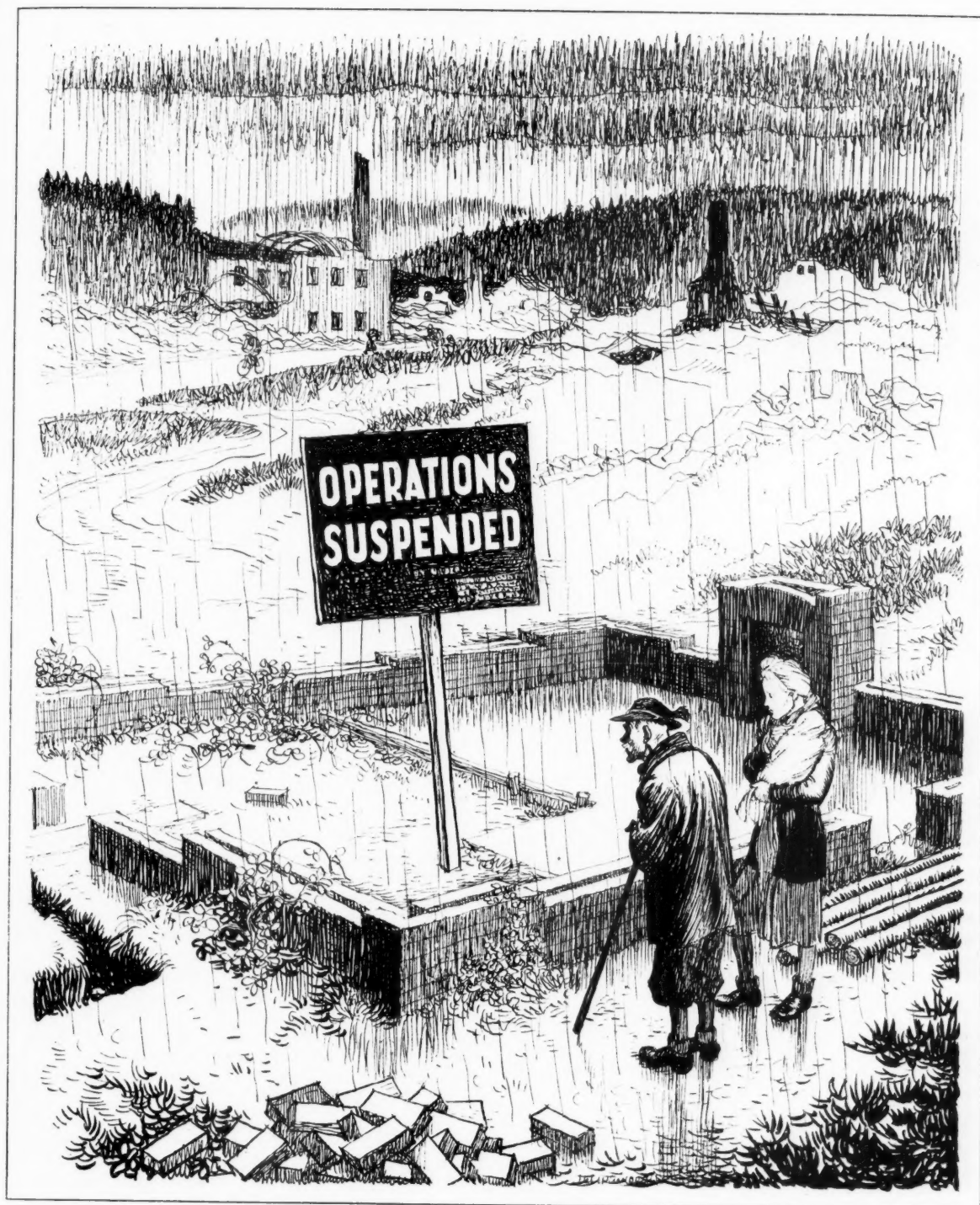
whistles! What a stamping of feet and a giving and taking of gay glances as mottoes are read out and riddles freely asked and answered! Oh, it's heigh for the ruby ring and the little black elephant on a ginger ribbon! And it's ho for whatever it is that auntie's got—and never a thought for the washing-up or the hole in the cloth that the indoor firework made.

We must be careful to let nothing spoil the merriment, must not we? So here is just a word about two little dangers you must be on guard against. Last year my after-Christmas post-bag held ever so many complaints from readers who just *could* not get their crackers in half, however hard they pulled. I felt so sorry for them in their disappointment—not one whit less sorry than I was for all the rest of you who so charmingly wrote to ask me what to do with youngsters who burst into tears as soon as the bangs start—and I worried and worried over both your problems until I hit on a solution. Why not startle your friends this year by suddenly announcing, just when they are expecting the signal to pull, that *they mustn't!* While they are still delightedly discussing the novelty of the idea get a pair of scissors and going round to each in turn say, quite solemnly, "I now declare this cracker open!" and simply *snip it in half!* Of course the more pompous and "official-sounding" you can be about it the better—almost like a mayor opening a new bridge, you know. Perhaps you have a brother or friend who would help. It doesn't matter *who* does it, so long as he or she can act the part convincingly.

It's rather a neat little way of killing two birds with one stone isn't it, even though I did think of it myself!

* * * * *

Cold Turkey. Will any reader who knows a way of



REBUILDING GERMANY



making a turkey look attractive when it comes to the table for the tenth time *please* write to me about it personally?

* * * * *
Naked Lights. What a quaint phrase, is it not? Every year I make a special point of warning my readers about the risk of setting beards on fire by bringing them into contact with lighted candles. Of course I mean *artificial* beards. There is no more danger to real beards than there is at any other time of the year, is there?—except that there are more candles about at Christmas-time perhaps. But will those of you who feel that they must wear cotton-wool whiskers—and I for one look forward to the day when the sale of these dangerous gauds will be more strictly controlled—will you please be careful to take your beards off before setting light to the candles; and, of course, vice versa?

* * * * *
 And here, just to round off the festivities, is my Yuletide Riddle:—

Why is it wrong to drop a twenty-eight pound weight on a cormorant?

Because that would be killing *one* bird with *two* stones, wouldn't it?

When you tell your friends the answer, someone is certain to ask "What is the point of the cormorant?" and quick as a flash comes your reply, "Its beak, of course!" If that doesn't cause endless merriment nothing will.

H. F. E.

To All Drivers

I DO not believe, sir, that you are lame, or that you, madam, are seventy-two! You have lied, sir, I am absolutely certain, and so, madam, have you.

No man as young as you can be a doctor, no serious man would wear such a tie, and though your luggage boot be filled with stethoscopes, I am convinced you lie.

So you have come to Covent Garden Market? That is a fine sheep you have in your car. It baa-ed for hours when you were at the Opera! What a liar you are!

This is a strange way round to the Middlesex Hospital, you with your mink coat flying, locking up your car at lunch-time outside the Ritz! I know you are lying.

Every one of you has perjured his soul, every one of you is a beastly cheat; only I in my little snow-boots am honest, standing on hallowed feet.

V. G.

Early Worms

TWO dark muffled figures jumped on me.

"Nine-nine-nine," I muttered, the well-trained citizen, and turned over in bed.

"Show a leg," they said.

"This is Christmas Eve, not Christmas Day. I'm staying here conserving energy till I smell hot coffee."

"You promised to come bird-watching."

"Never. You must be thinking of someone else, someone lucky enough to resemble me in form, if not—"

"Out of it!" they commanded.

"There aren't any birds at this time of year," I protested, as I stumbled gummily into some clothes. "The ones who can afford it have flown to the South of France and all the others have been directed to Soho."

"A young tawny owl's been hanging round Colonel Polter's pond for days . . ."

The morning was far more horrible than even I could have imagined. A raw draught, as if a giant had left a door open in Siberia, stuck knives into my throat and everything I looked at dripped.

"Miss Gallehawk says the early morning is the best time of the whole day," they informed me, as we trudged up the lane.

"Miss Gallehawk should have her licence suspended," I snorted. "She must know perfectly well that all the really villainous people in history have got up early and talked big about it. Anyone who sees the dawn when he needn't only does so because his conscience makes it impossible for him to sleep."

"Miss Gallehawk says early rising is healthful discipline," they said.

"I'll bet my fur boots Miss Gallehawk just now is snoring like an ox."

"Ssh!" they whispered. "We must creep up the bank till we get to the ditch."

"Hullo," I cried, "what's this?"

It was, in fact, a large rabbit, dead but still warm, caught in a snare.

"Poor bun," I murmured, thrusting it absent-mindedly inside my coat.

"Gosh, are you going to pinch it?"

"Mr. Strachey is insistent it's a crime to waste food."

A little farther up, near the edge of the pond, we found the ditch, and, climbing into it, pulled over our heads the old bit of camouflage netting which represented our modest share of the loot of conquest. Dawn broke, but not exactly with a bang. To my mind an infinitely brighter thing on the

horizon was the complete absence of birds.

"Look, a hedge-sparrow!" they shrieked at length.

"How do you know it's a hedge-sparrow?"

"It just is a hedge-sparrow."

"That seems to me typical of the facile confidence for which I never look in vain in the bird-watcher. It's very likely a confirmed house-sparrow who's hating all this as much as I am and is only here under protest visiting a sick relation. The fact that it's getting its breath in a hedge—"

I stopped because, through a gap in the hedge, and very quietly, came an old man. He had a stubble beard on his leather face and he looked in a sad sort of way at the empty snare. Then he sat down and pulled out from his cap a sandwich about three inches thick.

"A poacher!" they whispered.

"Or more probably the Lord Lieutenant. You can't tell nowadays. Ought I to give him the rabbit?"

"You'd look pretty dumb crawling out of the net with it."

"In that case we've got to stay here till he goes. He may be spending the day in quiet reverie, reviewing the great rabbits of the past."

"Perhaps he'll go off to see about his gins."

"He'll be disappointed if he goes before eleven."

The old man then attacked a second sandwich with undiminished gusto . . . Time passed, as slowly as it is bound to pass when all you're doing is charging up your batteries with rheumatism.

"Breakfast is now being carried in," I whispered, looking at my watch. "Fat, imperial kippers. I saw them in the larder last night."

The old man lit a scraggy pipe which was a fully lethal weapon even at twenty yards.

"I feel a cad about this rabbit," I said. "After all, we're trespassing too."

"Don't do anything rash. He might orphan us with a cosh."

"Ethically I do feel it's his," I said. "Now that it scarcely seems to be the Colonel's any longer."

At this the old man got up and began to work his way slowly along the hedge running at right angles, apparently examining other engines of destruction. We waited until he had gone a good hundred yards and then, though numbed to our axle-trees, we crept back to the lane. A stalwart figure was bicycling towards us.

"Leave this to me!" I hissed. "Only the most expert handling can keep us from seeing the New Year in at Pentonville."

"Morning, Towler!" I cried, cordially. "Cold work, bird-watching!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Towler, dismounting bootily. "You haven't seen no poachers, I suppose?"

"Poachers? The only living thing up there is a Lesser Bearded Depredator. We've been watching him for the last hour, eating his breakfast."

"That would sound to be a tough kind of old bird," grunted Towler, turning his bicycle back towards his tea-pot, his sense of duty honourably assuaged.

"Tough, but awfully attractive," I said.

ERIC.

"And Now . . ."

IT'S a rum—

Ba band another rum-

Ba band a never slum-

Ba band there's any num-

Ba of rum-

Ba bands

Shicker-shicker-shicker.

Turn on the radio,
Mammoth set or midget,

All you'll ever get
Is the everlasting fidget

Of a rum-

Ba band another rum-

Ba band a pluck and strum-

Ba band with a

Shicker-shicker-shicker-shicker

Shee shicker-shick and a

Ticker-ticker-ticker-ticker

Tee ticker-tick and a

Boom and a nobble and a clang

And a bang

And a chatter and a natter

Let it chatter

Let it shatter

Let it spatter

Doesn't matter

Getting flatter

It's a rum-

Ba band another rum-

Ba band another rum-

Ba band another rum-

Ba band another RUM!

Shicker-shicker-shicker.

Turn on the radio,
Mammoth set or midget,

All you seem to get

Is the orchestrated fidget

Of a rum-

Ba band another rum-

Ba band another rum-

Ba band, there's any num-BA . . .

To play the rum-BA . . .

Can't someone have the rumba banned?

(*Shicker-shick*)

J. B. B.

The Pyramids of Giza

"GIVE me your hand," whispered the camel-driver, "and I will tell you all the future."

I shook my head. "I don't want to know it."

"You are English?" I nodded. "Englishman always mean what he say," he said regretfully.

He took the front of his striped nightgown in his teeth to give his knees more freedom, clicked his tongue, and beat the she-camel until it broke into a shambling trot. "I give you fine gallop," he said. "Make you very happy."

After a few yards the camel abandoned the stupid idea of hurrying under a hot sun and the Arab thankfully resumed his walk, his bare dusty feet shuffling through the sand. He returned to the attack and produced an old coin from some fold in his dress. "You like to buy nice coin?" he inquired hopefully.

"I hate coins," I said abruptly. He put it away with the air of one who has received the expected answer, but in another moment held up to me a small green enamelled charm.

"Very rare specimen, sir. You like to buy?" Every shop in Cairo is crammed with them.

"No, I wouldn't," I told him firmly.

"I give you very fine trip. I make you very happy."

"I hope so indeed."

We passed an Arab riding a camel in the opposite direction. "Photo?" he inquired hopefully, eyeing my camera, but I had no wish to pay him the price of his camel for the privilege of taking its photograph, and shook my head. However, I kicked my feet out of the stirrups, hooked my right knee round the front pommel of the saddle and crossed my feet on the near side, in imitation; it felt much better that way.

We descended into a little dip in the sand and rock.

"Quick, Master," whispered the Arab in a voice of desperate urgency. "Something for myself. Just a few piastres for myself." He spoke as if we had long since entered into this conspiracy.

"I will pay at the end."

and arched as they stirred the dust of the desert. Its air of superior wisdom suggested that it had been silent witness of this crusade many times and my chances of ultimate victory were slender.

A new thought struck my mentor. "You go by aeroplane, sir?" I did. "God save you, sir. I hope you travel safely."

I weakened at that kindly thought, for I shared his wish, and I ventured to glance down at him. His eyes gleamed with a sense of coming triumph.

"For luck. Just a few piastres for luck. I bring you very good luck." I shook my head. "Just one piastre. Half a piastre." "I pay only once," I said. "And that at the end."

"Then just give me your hand. Even with nothing in it. Just give me your hand for luck. Quick, before we reach the dragoman."

I kicked the camel into a reluctant trot.

"Here, sir," said the dragoman from the depths of his suffering donkey, "is the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Four hundred and twenty-one feet in height and took thirty years to build."

"Is that the entrance to the burial chamber?" I indicated a small opening a few yards from the ground.

"That is the entrance, but there is nothing to see, sir."

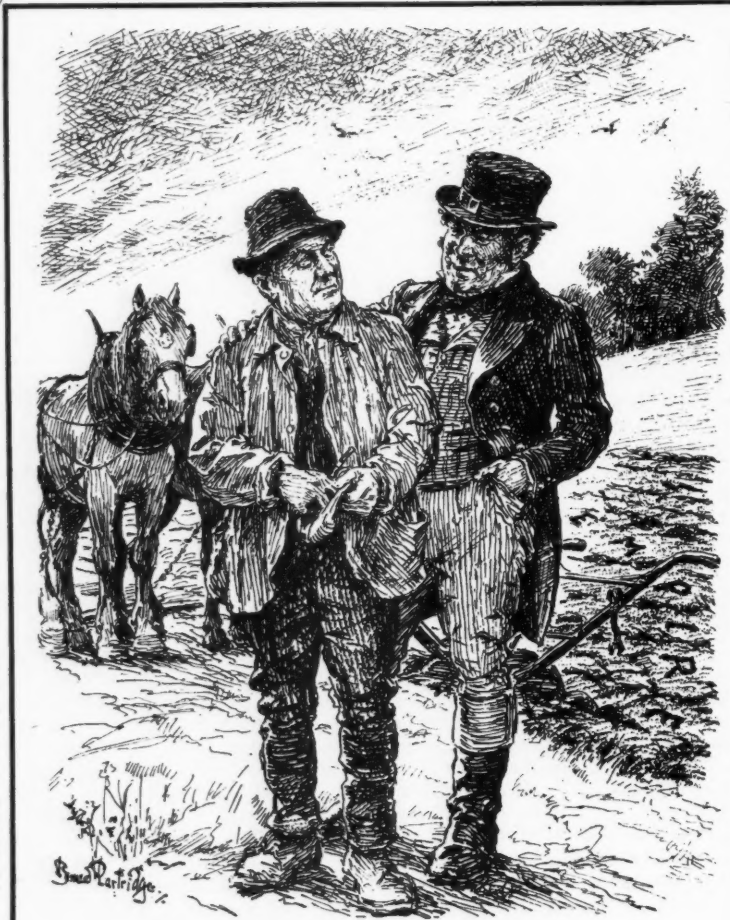
"I would like to go in."

"But it's not worth the crawl, sir. Very unpleasant."

Eyeing his ponderous bulk overhanging the patient little donkey I could not but agree that crawling would be for him an unpleasant if not impossible operation.

"It's what I have come for. I will go in."

The dragoman and the camel-driver exchanged glances. Truly the madness of a mad Englishman is without limit.



THE WORCESTERSHIRE LAD

Farmer Bull: "Well done, Stanley; a long day and a rare straight furrow."

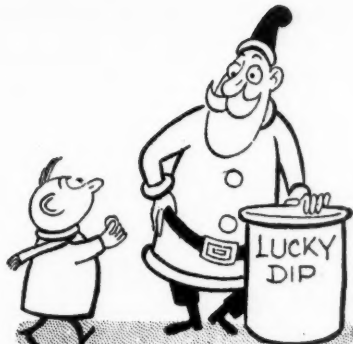
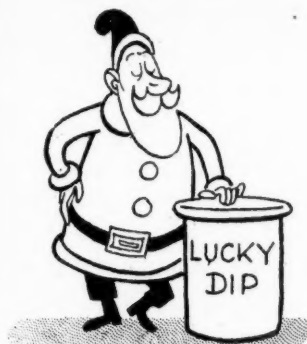
[The cartoon reproduced here, showing the late Earl Baldwin of Bewdley at the time when he relinquished the Premiership, appeared in the issue of *Punch* dated May 26, 1937.]

"But all you pay at the end goes to the sheikh. He has a hundred and twenty camels," he added.

"My dragoman will pay all at the end."

He sighed. "I gave you fine gallop. I make you very happy. Just a few piastres from your hand for luck."

The weird tasselled head of the camel swayed from side to side as it walked and its twin-toed feet flattened



He pulled downwards on the single chain attached to the camel's head and hissed at it gently. I leaned back as it grunted in protest and dropped on to its front knees; its hind legs folded up like scissors and it settled to earth.

Inside the pyramid a new battle started, but I hustled my guide up the long sloping wooden ramp at such a pace that he had little breath for pleading. At last we stood in the King's burial chamber, constructed of huge granite slabs, and examined the sarcophagus.

"Now," said my guide, as one producing a trump card, "if you pay me five piastres I will light the maganesum." He held out a strip of magnesium as if it was the final triumph of physical science.

"No thank you," I said coldly.

"But, sir," he said amazed. "Surely you want me to light the maganesum?"

"I don't mind whether you do or not. But I don't pay you extra for it."

"But this is not in the price of the ticket. This is for myself."

"Then don't light it."

His face in the candle-light was a study. He was deeply hurt. Not only was he affronted personally but the whole Arab race was involved, the history of Ancient Egypt was set at naught. Islam was defied. This was perhaps a matter to refer to the Arab League.

"For one piastre," he pleaded. "Even for half a piastre. Not for myself but because I want you to see." His impassioned voice rang in the narrow chamber and echoed on and on after he had finished.

I wondered if he had a knife concealed in the loose folds of his robe and if so whether he would attempt to force the issue. I measured the distance nicely between us to be sure of hitting him first if he contemplated violence.

"Then," he said, and with infinite resignation, "I will light the maganesum without pay." I knew perfectly well that he was provided with it in the price of the ticket, but I preferred

the flickering light of the candle to the harsh glare of magnesium ribbon.

"Don't trouble, I don't want it."

"Yes, sir. You shall see it." He stuck the candle in the ventilator shaft and struck a match.

The magnesium did not light.

He tried several times. He took the candle and held the ribbon in the flame, but nothing would persuade it to burn. He was utterly crestfallen.

"God save you, sir. I have given you a very good trip."

"Yes, indeed."

"You will tell the dragoman I give you good trip and make you very happy?"

"I will," I smiled.

"And you will tell him I light the maganesum?" he begged eagerly.

I weakened at last. "Very well. I will tell him."

And I did.

O Si Præteritos

ECCE, Saturnalia! cives, gaudemus!

(cum austero utilem morem misceamus).

focus coruscantibus lignis incendatur (Potestatis Scissio—audis?—nuntiatur.)

mensâ pondus anserum pone pinguiorum,

(anserem quo pretio Nigrum vendit Forum?)

porci da tomacula, pone costas bovis (lardi unciam cum re-constitutis ovis).

onerentur patinæ dulcibus placentis (puncta non sufficiunt rebus succulentis):

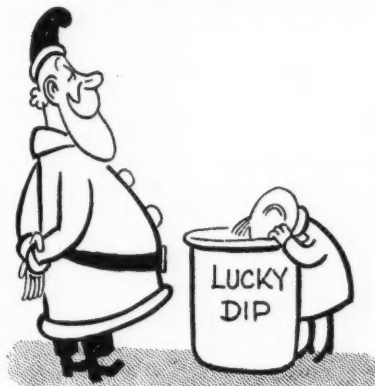
spumescantis Pommeri prome iam diotam

(caupo si sub tabula commodabit quotam).

socculos infantium, Sancte Claus, implebis

(parcant abstinentius, Sancte Cripps, monebis).

es-ne Saturnalibus parum hilaratus? (num curare me putas duos ululatus?)



Competitions

MANY of my readers at some time or another have found themselves reading the results of a literary competition and wondering why they didn't go in for it. Even more have been surprised to note that they are no better than anyone else at sticking a tail on a drawing of a pig with their eyes shut, but very few have won a prize for prize marrows. Having said enough to prove that my readers are as average as they sometimes think, I can now go on to the next paragraph.

Literary competitions, or competitions people have to be awfully cultured to go in for every one of, occur in the sort of weeklies you would expect to find them in. Sometimes they consist of a translation of a foreign sonnet, sometimes of two Cabinet Ministers talking, sometimes of a correspondence between two literary figures ordinary people only know about through reading the rest of the weekly; but sometimes for a rest they ask for no more than intelligence, and it is then that people like my readers get busy thinking what they could say if they were going to, or in extreme cases actually doing it and nearly sending it, or in very extreme cases sending it and perhaps even being told in print why they have not won, an experience which settles down into a quiet sense of achievement, or hoping their friends have seen. I am not denying that my readers may sometimes actually win prizes; this of course is a stupendous blend of achievement and coincidence, and no prize-winner will so much as take the milk in on that particular day without making it the action of a prize-winner taking in the milk.

Another thing I want to say about these literary competitions is that they considerably allow competitors plenty of time for sending in their entries, so that any near-competitor reading last week's copy has a second chance of not doing it. I have said nothing about the regular prize-winners. They enjoy the highest possible respect, being so above the normal run of education that the ordinary public does not really believe that the ones with pseudonyms do not use these pseudonyms when signing the coalman's little piece of paper; but the public, psychologists tell us, is always rather like this about pseudonyms, finding it difficult to imagine names it does not know.

NOW I want to mention a quite opposite kind of competition, one of the pencil and paper kind taking place in a half-circle with three people wedged into the sofa and the middle one getting much short-term sympathy for not looking more comfortable than it is possible to look on the middle of a sofa. There are several variations of this competition, but they all boil down to a list of words beginning with a chosen letter, and the point is that competitors score two for thinking of a different word from the words the others have thought of. Thus they are faced with the choice of either the very unusual word that everyone else has thought no one will think of, or the very usual word everyone has thought everyone else will think of and therefore not use. The chances of not scoring two are therefore endless, reducing the situation to a matter of luck and specialized knowledge. Ordinary people will know, for example, that if they have heard of a fritillary so will the others, but keen gardeners will have at their disposal a dozen strange words no one ordinary has ever heard except deferentially. There will, of course, always be someone maintaining that a four-leafed clover begins with "f" (I do not think such a person would write, or anyway say, "four-leaved," because no one does) but, as this sort of competition is always run either very strictly or not strictly

at all, these people are soon established as either comic relief or bound to win. The prize may be an ink-eraser or just the fact of being clever; the interesting thing here is that the prize-winner feels almost sorry for having done better than the others. Taking everything all round, this sort of competition is not at all like the literary sort, but it is awfully hard work at the time.

Along with the sort of competition where you stick a tail on a pig goes thimble-hunting, a process noted for the certainty of failure that sweeps over everyone faced with a whole room in which to look for something as small as a thimble, and goes on sweeping over the people who go on not finding it. It may, however, cheer my readers through the present thimble-hunting season to know that psychologists have not proved that thimble-finders have any other quality by which they stand out, unless it is the tendency to be other people more often than us.

TALKING of other people, I think I ought to bring in a competition on a rather higher level than the simple, domestic ones we are all apt to get caught up in. I refer to those competitions for plans of new town-halls and other large buildings. No one who has tried to draw a plan of a sitting-room so as to have to go back and measure the windows again before being able to work out the curtains will deny that plan-drawing on a large scale is something best left to architects, so we may assume that only architects—that section of the human race which can draw so prettily with a ruler—go in for this sort of competition. What interests the public is that anyone as expert as an architect can produce anything less expert than what another architect produces. You don't get nearly the same general feeling about prize novel competitions. No one who reads that a publisher will pay several thousands of pounds to anyone writing a novel will doubt that the publishers are going to get as many manuscripts from people who are not novelists but people writing novels as they would anyhow. I may add that this ready distinction between manuscripts and novels is partly the fault of successful novelists who like to spread around, when it is all over, the fact that their first novel was rejected fifty times, and partly non-novelists' realization that all that stops even them writing a novel is their knowledge that probably they would only have to start to find they couldn't go on. At the same high level we have poetry-reciting competitions. These, again, are a bit over the public's head; if it has not been to one it cannot very well imagine how poetry-reciters old enough not to be bludgeoned manage their arms on such occasions, but it is willing to believe that there must be a tremendous amount of vocal expression, for the point of reciting a poem has always been to give it the works. Brass band competitions, on the other hand, are as easy as anything to visualize; the difficulty, as with architects, is to imagine how one can be even more effective than another.

FINALLY, I want to go back to marrow competitions, a classification which includes also competitions for dahlias, runner-beans, cooking-apples and all other forms of plant life vying in public for size and boisterous health but of which the marrow is traditionally the most important. People who grow prize marrows are little known about in ordinary life, but we can assume that they do not suddenly notice that they have a fine-looking marrow about the place and ought to enter it for the nearest marrow competitions. That happens to the sort of people who are well aware that their marrow is only an amateur. The real marrow-growers are almost legendary, and are not more proud of their prize-winning marrows than their friends are proud of them.

At the Pictures

Shoe Shine—Possessed—New Orleans

ALTHOUGH very much tempted to blow off steam about the unbelievably tedious British effort called *While I Live* (for it is immensely easier to write at length about a bad film

one kills the other. The inexorable progress to this violent end from the light-hearted beginning (when we see them in the sunlight, riding a horse which they are passionately eager to own) makes a powerful impression. In spite of its tragic theme, the picture is not gloomy (for real gloom look at *While I Live*, which is not meant to be a tragedy at all), and everybody in it is admirably lifelike.

"Every time I see the reaction to this treatment," says the doctor in *Possessed* (Director: CURTIS BERNHARDT) when the principal character (JOAN CRAWFORD) has been (like the lady in *The Seventh Veil*) given a drug to make her talk, after we have seen through her eyes the ceilings of the corridors her stretcher traversed on the way in (as in *A Matter of Life and Death*)—"Every time I see the reaction to this treatment, I get exactly the same thrill as I did the first time." But for us the thrill has worn off. We know that she will give us a lot of flashbacks (as in *The Seventh Veil*), and so she does, and some of them are reminiscent of *Deception*, and some of *The Seventh Veil*, and some of the Bette Davis version of *Stolen Life*, and some of *Mildred Pierce*, and some . . .

In the O. Henry sketch that begins "So I went to a doctor," as soon as the assembled patients have heard the narrator's symptoms (or the outline of his treatment, I forget which) a kind of concerted sigh rises from them as they all murmur the word "Neurasthenia!" These days I am continually expecting to hear from the audience, five minutes after the opening of nearly every film, a similar hiss of "Schizophrenia!" The principal character in *Possessed* is another sufferer from this fashionable trouble, but no such reaction greeted it when I was there; possibly because the tale, full of second-hand details though it is, succeeds in holding the attention. It is surprisingly interesting to watch Miss CRAWFORD as a thoroughly wearisome as well as dangerous woman pursuing the reluctant VAN HEFLIN and at last (with a revolver) getting him. And it is a relief for

once in a film to find that one's own dubious view of the behaviour of the "heroine" has the support of the film's best medical opinion.

New Orleans (Director: ARTHUR LUBIN) is one of those sham fights that Hollywood loves, between what it believes—or what it thinks we believe—are the Two Kinds of Music: the popular kind (which is mean, low-down, and gives its devotees hearts of gold) and the classical kind (which is exclusively operatic and is played and listened to only by pompous and sniffy people in evening dress). I don't ask that Hollywood should take the revolutionary step of recognizing that the real division comes between (e.g.) Bach and swing on the one hand, and Italian opera and "popular classics" and saw solos on the other; but I would like to see the last of that stock plot that has the opera-lovers eating out of the jazzman's hand at the end. It seems to me on a par with the comic convention that makes the lifelong teetotaller, given a disguised shot of whisky, gulp it down with avidity and demand more. *New Orleans* masquerades as something of a history of jazz; that is to say, it begins in a year alleged to be 1917, and the modern dress of the characters is somewhat modified to suggest so distant a past. The music is modified in the same way—but you hardly notice the difference as the years pass. The plot is all nonsense, and boring too, but fans will put up with it for the sake of seeing and hearing LOUIS ARMSTRONG and WOODY HERMAN. R. M.



[*Possessed*]

EYE-WORK

Dean Graham RAYMOND MASSEY
Louise Howell JOAN CRAWFORD

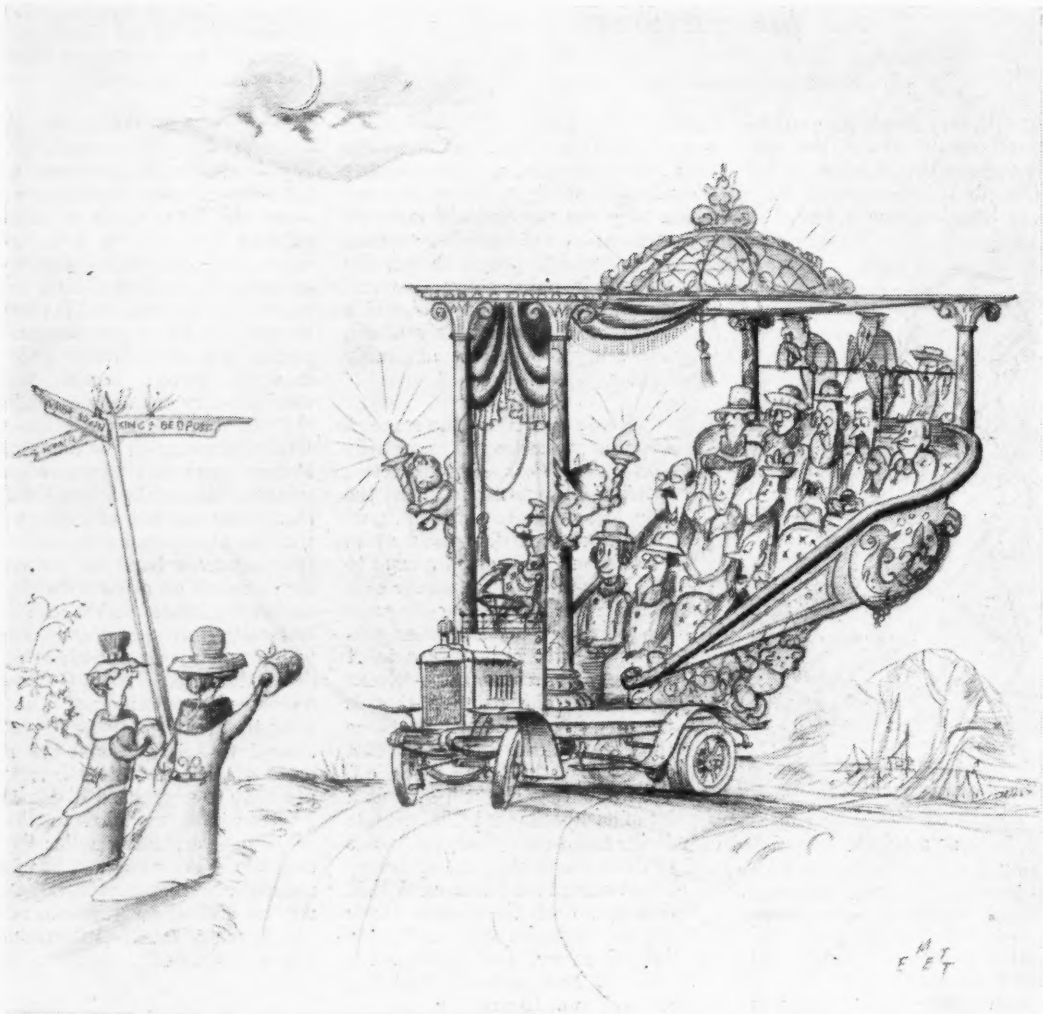
than about a good one), I must in all fairness begin with the fortnight's best, the Italian *Shoe Shine* (Director: VITTORIO DE SICA)—a rough, unpolished piece of remarkable power, full of moving little scenes and performances of impressive naturalism. This is one of those stories that are generally called Indictments of Systems; the revelation or display of individual character, the working out of a dramatically coherent plot, are regarded as less important than the portrayal (with documentary fidelity) of a situation, a set of circumstances in the grip of which the unfortunate personages come to no good. It is clear that to be a juvenile delinquent in liberated Italy towards the end of the war was a fate to avoid. The story shows us two cheerful urchins who get unthinkingly involved in the selling of some stolen American army blankets. Caught, they go to a sort of boys' prison and have a miserable time with the young thugs there, who so work up jealousy and suspicion between them that at last, when they are escaping,



[*New Orleans*]

PIONEER

LOUIS (SATCHMO) ARMSTRONG



"Ab, HERE comes the special Pantomime bus!"

The Field of Dynamite

WE had a field of dynamite, and on that field we camped,
And we warned the wild asses to be careful where they stamped,
We warned the windy butterflies they must be careful too,
For if they stamp their little feet it's up with me and you.

It's up with you and me, my love, up in the morning sky,
A mile below my little toe, a mile above your eye,
And here a leg and here a hand, an acre in between,
Never a trace of either face that once before was seen.

They shall not say of us, my love, that we bewailed our plight,
Nor girded at the Fates upon our field of dynamite,
We call it Sapper's Folly, and we never light the lamps,
And we ask the sober cart-horse to be careful how he stamps.

The kudu and the buffalo, the zebra and the pard,
We let them stamp a little but they must not stamp too hard;
For this is all the life we have, and this is how we live,
When we are gone we may forget, but how shall we forgive?

O night comes pouring down the west, a stream of liquid slate;
Come, call to us, or crawl to us, but do not detonate;
For this our field of dynamite is moistened by our tears,
But still it is not moist enough, though we may weep for years.

For still a little tiny spark may blow us from our beds
And fling us to the Pleiades, where we shall lose our heads.
Long is the night and chilly, and we have got the cramp,
But still we do not light a fire, and still we dare not stamp.



THE MARSHALL TREE

MONDAY, December 15th.

—It is a strange thought that only two hundred or so Members of the present House of Commons sat in the House with Stanley Baldwin, whose death was mourned to-day. Yet, as Mr. ATTLEE put it, in a moving tribute to him, he was still looked on as a "House of Commons man," even though, a decade ago, he went to the House of Lords. There is no higher praise for a man, in the House of Commons, than to describe him as a "good House of Commons man." And there was nobody who, to-day, did not feel that that description was well merited by Stanley, Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

When Mr. ATTLEE had finished his tribute—finely phrased, simple and human in its tone—Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, who had worked with Lord Baldwin for so long, paid his. And then Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, for the Liberals. All spoke of Baldwin's shrewdness, his political insight—but it was the human being that they remembered most.

And then—so human is this House—Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, the Communist, paid what was perhaps the most eloquent homage of all to the dead leader of the Conservatives. In a House that was hushed, he told how he had had close personal contacts with the man who was poles asunder from him in almost everything, and how he had appreciated those contacts.

The House adjourned as a mark of respect to Lord Baldwin's memory.

TUESDAY, December 16th.—There is a story that a certain Monarch in Britain's history sent for the Prime Minister at a particularly dull period of Parliamentary business and inquired: "What has passed in the Lower House?" To which the Prime Minister replied: "Three weeks, Your Majesty!"

To-day was rather like that. A variety of (doubtless valuable) legislation was passed or furthered, but it did not provide any excitement. It was, in fact, another day.

WEDNESDAY, December 17th.—

When the Commons assembled there was a general air of suppressed excitement. Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY and his team of Government Whips hurried and flurried about the building with expressions that suggested anxiety.

It was known that there had been a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party in the morning, and although

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, December 15th.—House of Commons: Tributes to Earl Baldwin.

Tuesday, December 16th.—House of Commons: Another Day.

Wednesday, December 17th.—House of Commons: Excitement over the Royal Allowances.

Thursday, December 18th.—House of Commons: Statement on Failure.

the proceedings were wrapt in the normal secrecy, it was soon known in those knowledgeable places, "the Lobbies," that there had been a row and, indeed, a Government defeat. Which of course explained some of the anxious looks.

Then, however, it was noted that the anxiety seemed to be growing. Whips whirled about even faster, and Back-benchers crowded into the Chamber, clearly expecting something.

Sir ALAN LASCELLES, the KING's Private Secretary, appeared in the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

28. Sir Patrick Hannon (Birmingham, Moseley)

Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, came in with an armful of notes, and the other Members of the Cabinet took their places on the Front bench. The Whips went on dashing about.

Then Mr. MAURICE WEBB, Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, entered and the tension slackened a little.

Ministers looked hopefully along the bench to where Mr. WEBB was sitting, and it seemed to the close observer that he gave the minutest of nods. Sir STAFFORD proceeded at once to move acceptance of the report of a Select Committee recommending that an annuity of £40,000 be paid to Princess ELIZABETH and £10,000 to Prince PHILIP.

He said this was the least on which it was possible to keep up the dignity and prestige of their high offices, and that he strongly recommended it to the approval of the House.

Mr. EMBRY HUGHES, a Labour Member, promptly moved that the Princess's additional allowance be not

granted, but this was voted down out of hand. But then Mr. WEBB was called, and he moved a manuscript amendment to the Chancellor's motion, with a view to cutting the Princess's allowance by £5,000 a year.

The case was put with a clarity and moderation that drew tributes from all over the House. Mr. WEBB's argument was that, while the Monarchy was firmly founded in the hearts of the British people, the Royal Family, like everybody else, should practise special austerity at this time. And so he wanted the cut made as a "gesture" or "token."

Sir STAFFORD replied that, on his experience as Ambassador in Moscow, he felt that the heads of "other States" were inclined to be more lavish than the British, and that, in any event, the simple and frugal Royal Family was the link between the many nations of the British Commonwealth and had, therefore, to maintain itself in modest dignity.

Suppose the KING's horses were no longer seen, to save expense? he asked. The public would be up in arms at once, he thought.

The yell of approval from all sides confirmed his view. There was obvious surprise in many parts of the House when the Chancellor said that the Royal Family paid their own expenses on official trips.

But the advocates of a cut pressed their view and a division was taken. In face of the threat of a large-scale revolt of their followers, Ministers prudently took the Whips off. It was perhaps as well, for an analysis of the vote showed that more Labour Members voted against the Government than voted for it.

However, with the aid of the Conservatives and Liberals, the proposal to cut the Royal allowances was defeated, and then, with good grace, Mr. WEBB called off his rebel band and allowed the Chancellor's motion to go through without a division.

There was one thing about the whole debate that gave pleasure: every speaker (with the exception of Mr. GALLACHER) announced his or her firm belief that the Monarchy was here to stay. And there seemed little



"Goodness knows why they should direct ME here—I've never built a pyramid in my life."

deep-seated sympathy with any idea of a "bargain basement Throne," as one critic of the cut put it.

Mopping their brows, the Government Whips relaxed, and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Leader of the House and General Manager of Everything, (Un)Limited, heaved a sigh of relief. It had been quite a day.

THURSDAY, December 18th.—

When Question-time was over to-day, Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, walked to the Table and told the story of The Failure (so far) of a Mission. The mission had been the re-settlement of Europe, and particularly the working out of peace treaties for Germany and Austria.

Last Monday night the Council of Foreign Ministers ended its meetings in London—in complete failure. The Council had been called together to work out plans for the future of Germany and Austria, as part of the general re-settlement of the world after the world-war.

There were sympathetic cheers when Mr. BEVIN began to make his statement. He seemed tired and a little discouraged as he told the story of three weeks' conference which led nowhere.

It was all too clear from his statement that Mr. Molotov's "No!" had once more defeated the more positive line taken by other Ministers at the Conference, and that, as a result, some



Impressions of Parliamentarians

29. Lord Pakenham

hard thinking had to be done by all if Europe was to be set to rights. It was a sad serial story that has had too many instalments already, but which, somehow, has to be provided with a happy ending if the world is not to fall into chaos again.

Mr. BEVIN promised that Britain would do all that was possible to provide this happy ending by helping the German people to recover the prosperity the misdeeds of their rulers had taken from them.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN promised that he and his friends would give all the aid they could in that direction, and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, for the Liberals, commended Mr. BEVIN on his decision not to rush things but to give the House, the country and the world time to simmer down and think things over calmly before there is a debate on the subject.

Which seemed the right note of goodwill towards men—even if the peace on earth was none too evident—on which to adjourn, as the House did on the morrow, for the Christmas recess, which ends on January 20th, 1948.

On Second Thoughts

"Would the tall gentleman dressed in khaki shorts, shirt and helmet, who stood and looked at lady in navy blue dress with white spots and blue felt hat, outside the O.K. Bazaars in Salisbury, in the early part of January this year, and who rode off on a cycle, please communicate with 'Worried,' P.O. Box 653, Johannesburg."

Advt. in "Rhodesia Herald," Oct. 17.



"Well, shall we just pop along and have a look at this basement flat?"

Christmas, 1947

The Stocking

OPEN your stockings, my dears, with particular care:
For these are, alas, your poor mother's penultimate pair.
Don't make many holes
In the legs or the soles,
For, to tell you the truth, your poor mother still wants them to wear.

Open your stockings. Be happy, we hope, and be kind:
For these little trifles were not very easy to find.
The orange is small,
There are no nuts at all;
Father Christmas, we fear, has a good many things on his mind.

Open your stockings, my children. How soon we can't tell—
But one day you shall have a fine stocking as big as a bell,
With fruits of a size
That no child could despise:
And perhaps you shall make a nice hole in the stocking as well.

The Card

IT was in August—I forget the date:
I know the sun was shining hot and hard—
When Mother said "This year we won't be late.
This year we'll have a lovely Christmas card."

We all agreed. It should be super-fine.
Mamma would draw the Family at Bay—
Each a good likeness, with a comic line—
At grips with circumstance, but rather gay.

Papa would write a little verse to fit,
To make men feel that life was pretty good,
Only a line or two, but packed with wit,
And elfin charm, and cosmic brotherhood.

October passed. We thought of little things:
But none of them was good enough for us.
November—only 30 days—had wings;
December galloped—and we missed the bus.

How guiltily we hear the postman's knock,
For your sweet messages descend in scores.
We love them all: we set them round the clock,
And hang our heads. But many thanks for yours.
A. P. H.

Gold (Symbol Au)

I HAVE a profound respect for the man who is prepared, in the light of fresh evidence, to abandon a long-cherished conviction. I am therefore proud to admit that my judgment has been hopelessly faulty these twenty years. Nay more; in this timely article which sets out my revised attitude to gold I am almost gloating.

Twenty years ago I wrote: "Gold is the ideal monetary medium. It is durable—a sovereign, it has been estimated, would not wear out completely in eight thousand years—portable, divisible, homogeneous, easily recognisable and . . ." I left that sentence uncompleted because I had to rush on to the next question, something about Gresham's Law, but I had said enough to show the examiner that I approved of gold wholeheartedly. I did not know then—the text-books are always a decade or so behind the times—that gold has one disadvantage, a disadvantage so great that the metal should be disqualified immediately as a medium of exchange and a store of value. I refer of course to its awkward habit of bunching, of accumulating in unwieldy masses. I refer to its ridiculous tendency to gravitate towards America.

Yes, nearly all the world's gold lies deep in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Board of the United States and shows no inclination to move. It has worked itself into a comfortable couch, under conditions which repeat as faithfully as possible the stilly blackness of the old seams and veins, and it will not budge. Personally I don't blame it.

Our economic tragedy is that the world will not admit defeat. By its victory over man gold has earned its independence and a lasting peace, but man will not leave it alone. When a new bit of gold is located in the bowels of the earth he grows excited and takes infinite pains to bring it to the surface. Then, almost before he can say "Freddies," Ashanti-Obusai or New Union Goldfield it has gone to earth again in the vaults of the Federal Reserve. And no one can stop it.

The constant repetition of this disastrous cycle of operations has a demoralizing influence on man, inducing a sense of unworthiness and hopelessness, for in his heart man knows that he would be better employed digging for coal or ground-nuts. But so completely is he under the spell of this bright yellow metal (symbol Au, atomic number 79, atomic weight 197.2) that the discovery of a rich vein of the

stuff in the Pennines would bring coal-mining to a standstill within a week. You don't believe it? Well, I do.

I am appealing to the world's commonsense. Gold must be put and left in its place before it is too late. And I appeal not only as a son of perfidious Albion but as a firm friend of the United States of America. For the Americans are almost as embarrassed by their surfeit of gold as we are by our lack of it. Consider for a moment their frightful predicament. They have so much gold (more than enough to gild every paper dollar) that their gorges rise at the thought of more. But they know that to refuse gold offered to them at the official price of \$35 an ounce would be to endanger the value of their entire hoard. And when they buy gold the influx promptly causes inflation: the dollars paid out swell the demand for scarce goods and make prices rise, while the gold itself becomes the basis of a large expansion of currency and credit.

Now that's what I call a *real* predicament, and I shouldn't be surprised to learn that all America's weaknesses—her comic papers and cocktails, for instance—are attributable to the nervous strain it imposes. Wouldn't you go in for high-powered cocktails if

you had all the world's gold and grave doubts about the world's confidence in it? Wouldn't you give an enormous sum, almost anything, to suppress an article sowing seeds of suspicion and alarm? An article like this? (Cablegrams: "Hodecon," London.)

Finally, let us peer ahead into our own crisis, to the time when our slender resources of gold and dollars and credit are exhausted. What will the Government do then? Will they try to finance the gap, as Mussolini financed his Abyssinian campaign, with the nation's gold teeth and wedding-rings? They may. Or will they take my advice and go all out for a new international currency based on a careful survey of our own mineral resources? We may have no gold, but we have vast deposits of Palaeozoic, Mesozoic, Cainozoic and Quaternary rocks, including Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, Rhaetic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene and Pliocene.

I plump for the Ordovician at a starting-price of about 180s. per fine ounce. Hod.

Anno Domini

"THE sign!"
cried Kaspar.

"Melchior—
the Star!"

Face weary, eyes sand-blinded,
lifted Balthasar;
the Kings,
the Shepherds,
the Angels:
awe stood on all of them.

Her cloak a-glitter
clasped by one starry gem
the Night in wonder
stooped over Bethlehem.

And once the fancy pleased me
to think some small, forlorn
and wakeful child,
bolt upright,
clapped, clapped its hands to see
the Star that told the Magi
another Child was born:

But Kings of the East
this Christmas—
they keep a different tryst,
and children will be wakeful—
not for the Birth of Christ. R. C. S.



"Are we doing anything on Christmas
Day, dear?"

At the Play

The Old Lady Says No (EMBASSY)—*International Variety* (LONDON CASINO)

I THINK I would rather walk some way towards the North Pole or even fill up a form to justify domestic benefits under the wise provisions of the Canaries (Broody, Extra Hempseed) Order than have to explain the loftier implications of Mr. DENIS JOHNSTON's extraordinary play, *The Old Lady Says No*, with which the Dublin Gate Theatre Company has just staggered the honest citizens of north-west London, at the Embassy. But nevertheless I will try. It is about the Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, who, after an interview with Napoleon, an experience that never did anyone any good, led an insurrection in Dublin and got hanged, drawn and quartered for his pains. And it describes his return, in a nightmare, to be baffled and disgusted by the individual meanness and ugliness into which he thinks his dream of an Ireland beautiful has sunk, the nightmare being the outcome of a bang on the head from a redcoat's musket and being prophetic except that in fact the sufferer is not Emmet at all but only an actor who has passed out at the beginning of a play about him. Already you will perceive how easily confusion might creep in. I hope I have got all this right, but it must be clearly understood that I am only making the attempt on a strictly E. and O.E. basis.

For the manner of the thing is the swirling fantasy of delirium. While his senses reel, *Emmet*, a perplexed figure in a green uniform, occasionally waving a sword, endeavours to get some sense out of a callous mob which surges about him, gibing, jeering and prating of the commonplaces of little lives. This is dressed for the most part in anonymous denims, such as the Home Guard once sported, which makes its members readily convertible into, for instance, a General, a Minister of Fine Arts, or merely a professional swallower of stout (a Jeroboam of which makes an unusual property). Also in the side is a statue of Henry Grattan, or, rather, what is partly a statue of Henry Grattan,

because its voice is the voice of the English *Major Sirr*, who commanded the redcoats. This statue is generally scornful of poor *Emmet* and is pretty well up socially, coming to a Ministerial tea-fight at which *Emmet* declaims and a general sings, simultaneously. That is one of the quieter scenes. Also bobbing in and out is the old flower-seller of the title, who contrives at the same



(London Casino)

VARIETY NOTES IN THE DARK

time to be *Emmet*'s beloved, *Sarah*, and the spirit of Ireland as well. At one moment the stage is flooded with scene-shifters while a modern doctor stoops over the prostrate patriot, who has certainly earned a rest, at another we are treated with the denim brigade to a giant shadowgraph, seen in the streets of Dublin, where Oscar Wilde unleashes an epigram before withdrawing in a hurry as if the first-class passengers at Clapham Junction are already at his heels, and Sheridan shows us how to drink a glass of sherry and Bernard Shaw waggles his beard at us defiantly. But sometimes *Emmet* has the stage to himself, and then lurid red lights fitfully illuminate his figure, to the accompaniment of a drum, the whole effect being to a regrettable

extent reminiscent of Harvey's early demonstrations of the circulation of the blood.

A programme note declares that "this play's development calls for some explanation to a non-Irish audience," which I should rather say it does, but the explanation which follows is unfortunately confined to matters of history.

Out of the disorders of a very disordered evening there come clearly at intervals flashes of poetry to remind us that Mr. JOHNSTON is also the author of *The Moon in the Yellow River*, but when *Emmet* is particularly sorry for *Emmet* and modern Eire (which seems at least to be able to feed itself) there also come spasms of windy rhetoric. Where arty-craftiness and kindred mental squalor are shot at, the satire has fine and amusing moments, but the method tends to disperse them. Too much of Mr. HILTON EDWARDS' production is lit only by the lights above the exits. Voices issuing at one from the darkness are apt to give an uncomfortable impression that the man on the lights has gone after a cup of tea. As for the acting, *Emmet* is the whole works, and it may be that a tremendously galvanic actor might find a more continuous theme. Mr. MICHAEL MACLIAMMOIR, an actor of talent, is abundantly competent in the part, but this is not enough.

Another lady also said no, this time at the London Casino, where a first appearance in this country produced an attack of stage-fright unexpected in an artist of Mlle. MISTINGUETT's experience. For some minutes she was unable to go on with her songs, M. LINO CARENZIO, who was appearing with her, keeping his head most commendably in what must have been very trying circumstances. At length she succeeded in continuing, her nerve revived by the sympathy of the audience, which was so evident that her uncertainty was all the more surprising. But she was clearly not at home, and those seeing her for the first time can have obtained only an imperfect idea of this almost mystical celebrity whom one remembered as holding Paris spellbound. ERIC.

Invigilation

WHEN I was a boy we never took raw brussels sprouts into School Certificate examinations. Never. I myself took School Certificate twice. Most fellows take it only once, but I took it twice, and neither time did I see any brussels sprouts in the room—raw or cooked. We were allowed no food or drink during the examination in those days.

True, one hot afternoon when I had fallen asleep over a *Higher Certificate* paper (which I was taking alone) I was wakened by the headmaster himself bringing me tea and strawberries-and-cream. But that was no doubt because he simply had to waken me for the honour of the school and he feared for my reason if he did so without bringing strawberries-and-cream. Anyway, he brought me no brussels sprouts. If he had, I should have feared for *his* reason.

I wonder why that boy is looking at his sprouts through a magnifying-glass? Brussels sprouts are high on the list of things better not examined through a magnifying-glass. You cannot expect to remove *all* the impurities from brussels sprouts. Wash them thoroughly and then eat them confidently, I say; don't scrutinize them. Luckily the boy hasn't brought a microscope. They say that if you once see a brussels sprout through a microscope you will never eat another.

He has finished his examination. The other fellows have been busy scribbling away all the time at their Latin papers. Now *he* is writing. He hasn't eaten any sprout yet. Perhaps he was put off by what he saw. He should have cooked them of course. I suppose I'm an old die-hard, but I must say that if I were to take any food into an examination—which no one thought of doing in 1921—and if I were crazy enough to choose brussels sprouts, I should still refuse to eat them raw. And if I had been here at the beginning of the paper I should have sent these sprouts away.

The time of year may partly explain it. I never took a December School Certificate myself. Perhaps in the summer this fellow would have brought some strawberries—and no magnifying-glass.

He's taking a knife to one of them now; but he has no fork. Fancy eating brussels sprouts with a knife! Some of this post-war behaviour is unbelievable. And there it goes under the glass again! This is going too far. Eat it, boy! Eat it with a knife if you must, but for heaven's sake take that glass



"Padstone, can you come down a chimney?"

away! You're insulting the sprout. It would burst in your face if you hadn't split it already.

Ah, I see now: he's doing a Botany paper. Weird subjects boys take nowadays. That explains it. "1. Describe the structure of specimen E by means of annotated drawings." Those two sprouts must be specimen E. I suppose that means he is not legally entitled to eat them at all. But I shan't report him. What a stupid description anyway! Specimen E! Anyone can see they are brussels sprouts. Why not say straight out: "Describe by means of annotated drawings the two brussels sprouts you have found on your desk." If I were in that boy's shoes my answer would be a well-annotated drawing of a bunch of raspberries.

He *has* eaten some. I saw him. I was pretending to look at the Latin

candidates, but I saw him take a half-sprout in his hand and nibble it. I suppose he was hungry. And of course it's better than eating it with a knife.

Still half an hour to go before the end of this wretched paper. I wonder if by any chance the fellow could spare me the other sprout? I could eat *anything*.

Not as Small as All That

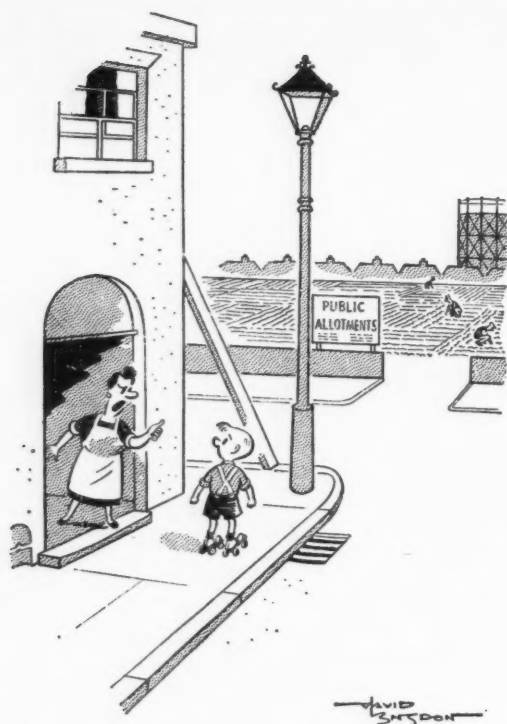
"Small reproduction Jacobean dresser; £25. Can be seen."

Advt. in Gloucester paper.

"Garage doors, etc., Wanted. Write particulars, — Motor School."

Advt. in Newcastle paper.

Ah—pupils get through a lot of those...



"Nip across like a robot jet and tell the flyin' brain 'is dinner's ready.'"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Lewis Carroll

MRS. FLORENCE BECKER LENNON's interesting, thoughtful and informative life of *Lewis Carroll* (CASSELL, 15/-) would have benefited by compression. As Carroll was a mathematical don at Christ Church, something about Oxford in mid-Victorian times was doubtless needed, but not this kind of thing—"The physical beauty of the place, especially in spring and summer, wrings nostalgia from many pens. Mrs. Humphry Ward writes . . ." and so on, for many pages. The author's view of Carroll takes a good deal of disentangling from the topographical and historical setting, and is never completely coherent, though often suggestive and sometimes illuminating. It is summed up most concisely in—"The process that harmed his art was the gradual encroachment of his conscious self on the preserves of dreamland, without compensation in the form of increased maturity." Carroll never grew up, and was therefore, according to this view, at his best in "Alice in Wonderland," the freshest and most spontaneous of his fantasies. "Through the Looking Glass" is more brilliant, less moving. The creatures in "Wonderland" are lovable and sad for the most part; in "Through the Looking Glass" they are pedantic and querulous; and in "Sylvie and Bruno" there is a strain of cruelty. The unique popularity of "Alice in Wonderland" still persists, in spite of Mr. Belloc's view that it would not long survive the security of Victoria's England. Only in Hunan, Mrs. LENNON records, has "Alice" been repudiated, the war-lord there in 1932 objecting to animals being endowed with human speech.

H. K.

First Lady

Trying to produce, for an incredulous age, a living faith without too many worldly implications, dramatists and novelists have created a strange medley of unconvincing mystics. One is usually faced with gross orthodoxy or refined nebulosity—Father Dempsey or Peter Keegan. Miss PEARL S. BUCK's Peter Keegan is an unfrocked Italian priest with a French name. His spiritual evolution is unexplained and inexplicable. Yet he is given a decisive rôle in *Pavilion of Women* (METHUEN, 10/6), which should have been—on every other count—Miss BUCK's best novel. It opens with an admirable picture of Chinese country-house life, whose central figure, a fine matriarch of forty, has just decided to provide her husband with a concubine. "Bright Autumn" is not intended for a rival leading-lady. She is a mere understudy in the less congenial acts of the matrimonial drama. Her advent, however, upsets a household of sixty. The sons' womenfolk are jealous. One son is more favourably perturbed. Yet Madame Wu's selfish programme is finally transmuted into the way of perfection by the failure of its personal aims and the exemplary influence of Brother André. This is a perfunctory climax enough; but the canvas is crammed with good Chinese portraiture and scenery exceptionally well rendered.

H. P. E.

Only a Hundred Years Ago

Henry Mayhew, one of the original co-editors of *Punch*, also earned fame by his exhaustive inquiry into the life of the under-dog, published as "London Labour and The London Poor." One of the first of the modern sociologists, his method was to make people talk about themselves, and some magnificently dramatic material resulted. In *The Street Trader's Lot, London, 1851* (SYLVAN PRESS, 12/6), Mr. STANLEY RUBINSTEIN has collected a vivid assortment of it, with helpful comments of his own. The picture it gives of unrelieved squalor and grinding hardship makes us look back across a mere century with astonishment. And what courage and character Mayhew discovered! "We are the haristocracy of the streets," a penny fortune-teller told him, "people don't pay us for what we gives 'em, but only to hear us talk. We live like yourself, sir, by the hexercise of our hintellects." "I like reading," said a crippled bird-seller. "I read the Bible and tracts, nothing else; never a newspaper. It don't come in my way, and if it did I shouldn't look at it, for I can't read over well and it's nothing to me who's king or queen . . . It don't take my attention." This book is a fascinating, though in places a heart-rending, glimpse of the muddy side of early Victorian life.

E. O. D. K.

A Great Literary Forger

In *Thomas J. Wise in the Original Cloth* (ROBERT HALE, 21/-), Mr. WILFRED PARTINGTON has given a fascinating, though necessarily complicated, account of a brilliant literary forger's achievements. When he died in 1937 Thomas Wise left a fortune of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds. Much of this came from his business in the City, but that some of it came from the sale of forged pamphlets to collectors and libraries was suspected shortly before his death and has now been established beyond dispute. His bibliographical knowledge and enthusiasm were genuine. Mr. PARTINGTON calls him the "Jekyll of the book-collecting world and Hyde of the printing press"; and the magnificent library which the British Museum bought from his executors contained many rare

and valuable items, though not quite so many as the authorities expected, Wise having disposed of several treasures without making the necessary deletions in the catalogue. His method as a forger was ingenious. Instead of manufacturing facsimiles of first editions, he produced a number of pamphlets, containing short works by Browning, Swinburne, Ruskin, Tennyson and so on, and antedated them, so that they seemed to be first editions, but could not be compared with existing originals. How he forced up the prices of his pamphlets, stifled suspicion or diverted it to dead or dying persons, and buttressed himself with the friendship of eminent literary men is unravelled by Mr. PARTINGTON with great skill, and made vivid by the author's keen and humorous appreciation of human nature.

H. K.

My Mind a Kingdom.

It not infrequently happens that what St. Augustine calls "the knapsack of the active life" holds contemplative treasures, and this is particularly true of an Englishman's baggage. From Sir Henry Wotton to Sir EDWARD MARSH our men of affairs have been poets, wits and fastidious scholars; and the latter's *Minima* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 25/-), beautifully produced in a limited edition by the Chiswick Press, carries on the triple tradition. Admirers of the author's versions of La Fontaine's "Fables" and Horace's "Odes" will expect—and find—a new batch of translations. These are all from the French, except a hexameter rendering of Wordsworth's "Westminster Bridge," in which Tiber very pleasantly qualifies Thames. The French translations, ranging from a La Fontaine "Invocation" to a sonnet by Degas, faithfully re-echo their accompanying texts and read enchantingly without them. Two of the best are from Tahureau of the "Mignardises," who died young in 1555, and from Victor Hugo's tough Calvinist precursor D'Aubigné. Sir EDWARD's own metrical experiments are equally adventurous and graceful. A blank verse poem, after Hood, recaptures the melody of a muse too little esteemed; and in the "Escapist Epigram" and its answer the writer combines, as a congratulatory friend assured him, the rôles of Aunt Sally and the winner of the coconut.

H. P. E.

Short Stories

Mr. ERIC LINKLATER's new book, *Sealskin Trousers* (RUPERT HART-DAVIS, 8/6), is exquisitely dressed in a sea-blue jacket with white lettering and the reproduction of one of Miss JOAN HASSALL's beautiful wood-engravings. The binding is in blue and gold, the lettering is excellent, the margins are good and the wood engravings are enchanting. Perhaps all this leads us to expect rather too much of the stories themselves. The last of the five, "Sealskin Trousers," suggests all the discomfort and none of the jollity of the song about one who was "marr-ied to a merm-a-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea," though in Mr. LINKLATER's tale a heroine took to the water. There is a story about Finland and another about three Swedish poets who lived on the country, and another (perhaps the best, though it is rather thin) about a romantic drive through Edinburgh and a meeting ten years later in Dublin. There is no doubt that they are all well written in patches, but the writing seems forced. Mr. LINKLATER is at his excellent best when he writes straightforwardly about adventure and not when he is titivating legend which can stand so well by itself.

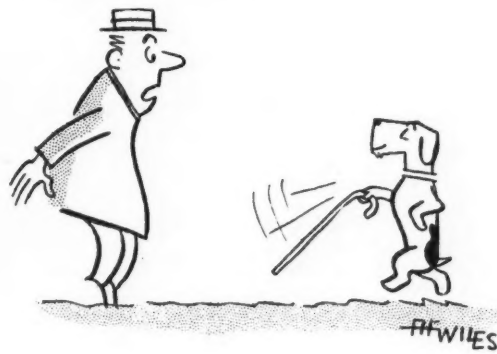
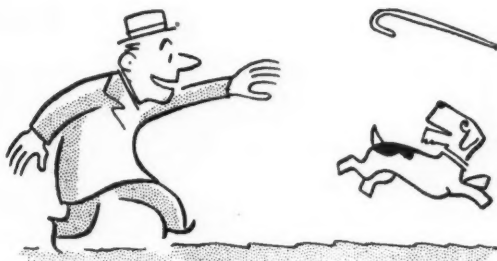
B. E. B.

An Austrian Requiem

The last Chancellor of the Republic of Austria, Herr KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG, has composed in his *Austrian Requiem* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) a noble dirge for his unhappy fatherland. Two motifs run through this moving composition. One is a nostalgic lament for the vanished glories of the Habsburg Empire with its millenary tradition of Christian civilization and governance. The other is a clarion call to his listeners to share in his unshakable belief that the small Austrian State whose destiny lay in his hands from July 1934 to March 1938 will once again take its rightful place among the free and peace-loving nations. Most remarkable of all—there is not a note of hatred or even of bitterness to strike jarringly upon the ear. Seven weary years of imprisonment in Nazi concentration camps, of which his diary gives a poignant account that is all the more realistic for its restraint, failed to shatter Herr VON SCHUSCHNIGG's inward calm and moral strength. His are in truth the soldierly Christian virtues that do not, alas! fit a man to tread the tortuous and slippery paths of power-politics. How tortuous and how slippery are those paths is startlingly revealed by Herr VON SCHUSCHNIGG's notes of his various conversations with his "fair-weather friend" Mussolini from 1934 to 1937, and of his fateful interview on 12th February 1938 with Hitler, as well as by transcripts found in the Reich Chancellery in Berlin of telephone conversations between Goering, Ribbentrop, Hitler, Seyss-Inquart and others at the time of Hitler's invasion of Austria.

I. F. D. M.

Mr. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD spent three months in the United States last winter as Mr. Punch's special correspondent. He has now collected the articles and drawings that resulted, and *An Innocent at Large* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 7/6) gives a swift, highly personal and always entertaining account of "Hob's" travels over some 16,000 miles.





"And YOU must come round to OUR house when WE get one."

Pail Hands

MR. ZOONIMAN'S face lit up with slow recognition and he put a hand through the framework of the camera platform to shake mine briefly. "Why, Mr. Er," he said, "hello. We're just shooting one of your scenes." He squeezed his voice out thinly to penetrate the hammering and clamouring.

"Are you Mr. Klotz?" said a blonde girl in trousers, shaking my elbow. "No," I said, and she went off prising her way through the knots of painters, carpenters and electricians and repeating "Are you Mr. Klotz? Are you Mr. Klotz?"

A bell rang.

"Good," I said. "Is it the scene where—?"

"Tssst!" Mr. Zooniman silenced me, and a stocky man in a shirt of unimaginable check got up and screamed, "Quiet!" The voice of the trousered blonde, distant now, said "Are you Mr. Kl——?" and died.

Mr. Zooniman stood taut, puffing little jets of smoke at the NO SMOKING notice; two white-coated painters, caught without anywhere to lean, propped themselves back to back and turned to stone; the group round the camera froze, and a tired-looking man in heavy spectacles rose silently beside them, raised a hand in some sort of blessing and said quietly "Go."

The batteries of lights blazed whitely down on the cardboard façade of a Georgian house. Before it, on a strip of gravel, lay an actor in evening dress, waving his legs in the air; beside him stood a white pail, upturned.

"Damn," murmured the tired-looking man, and added with exasperation, "Cut, cut, cut!"

"Sorry, boys!" screamed the stocky man. A bell rang twice and chaos broke out again. "Why wasn't it on, for Pete's sake!" demanded the stocky man, running across to the actor and standing over him menacingly.

"No one to put it on," said the actor, hugging his knees.

Mr. Zooniman began to make his way over to them, calling as he went: "Arthur! Alf! Joe! Ted! Victor!" "What scene is this?" I asked him, pursuing.

"Joe!" called Mr. Zooniman.

"What scene is this?" I asked the stocky man. He replied "Twenty-four, take four," and shouted for Alf, Ted and Victor.

"Joe!" yelled Mr. Zooniman. A man was struggling towards us carrying a well-dressed middle-aged lady high in his arms over the heads of the crowd. "Coming, Mr. Zooniman."

"Put that thing down," said the stocky man. Joe threw the middle-aged lady into a corner where two girls were typing at high speed. They did not look up as the body fell softly in a double-jointed attitude.

"Where's Arthur and Alf and the rest?" said Mr. Zooniman, ducking

instinctively as the microphone arm swung dangerously at his head.

"Props for to-morrow," said Joe. "Why?"

"The perishing pail," said Mr. Zooniman, pointing to it. "We're all set to shoot and there's none of your boys to stick the bucket on Mr. What's-his-name's nut."

Genuinely interested, I began to ask why the actor couldn't handle his own bucket, but Mr. Zooniman shook his head violently at me and jerked a thumb at Joe, now stooping for the pail. "Trades Union," he explained in a whisper. "Shop steward."

"All right?" said the stocky man to the occupant of the bucket. There was a muffled assent from inside, and the bucket nodded. "All right!" The stocky man and the tired-looking man retreated quickly towards the camera, stepping deftly backwards over the writhing cables.

"Are you Mr. Klotz?" asked the blonde girl, materializing at Mr. Zooniman's elbow with a cup and saucer. "He sent for some tea."

"Thank you, dear," said Mr. Zooniman, taking the cup.

A bell rang, silence fell. "Go," said the tired-looking man.

At first nothing seemed to be happening in the crowded silence. Then I saw the actor with the pail on his head stop waving his feet in the air and spring up. When he had reached a standing position the white pail rose suddenly from his shoulders and continued to ascend some feet into the air, where it stopped and hovered mysteriously in space. The revealed face was screwed up, its eyes shut. "Cut, cut, cut!" cried the tired-looking man. He added angrily, "Junket!"

"Junket, junket, junket!" echoed Mr. Zooniman with manfully suppressed savagery, biting hard on his cigar.

"Mr. Zooniman," I said, taking his wrist firmly. "What is this scene? I don't recall—?"

The din roared again as the bell rang twice. The tired-looking man crossed to the actor, shaking his head. The camera team dismounted and squatted on the floor singing resignedly "Oh what a beautiful morning."

"Mr. Zooniman," I said, shaking him a little.

"It's where the jewel thief climbs the ivy, remember?" He vouchsafed me a fraction of his attention. "Needed a sight gag, something visual, see? Liven it up. So we wrote in where the girl upstairs throws a pail of water on him. Pail and all. Big laugh."

"I see," I said, not with strict truth. "But the way they're doing it, the pail goes up. I don't see—"

"Done with the bucket?" cried a small voice from the shadowed roof. Somewhere up there among the arc-lights a dim figure was waving; the suspended pail swung widely. A dozen voices bellowed, "No! Junket!"

"Run the camera backwards, see?" explained Mr. Zooniman patiently. "When they pull the pail off, looks as if it's being dropped on. Only way. What's going to happen, drop a bucket on a man from thirty feet?"

"Dangerous," I nodded, but Mr. Zooniman waved the suggestion aside contemptuously. "Miss him, that's what." He sighed, coughed, took out another cigar and called "Bosker!" The tired-looking man came over. "This is Mr. Bosker, directing," introduced Mr. Zooniman hurriedly. He explained, "This is Mr. Klotz. He scripted this scene."

"You and your bucket," said Bosker. "I've cursed you."

I would have challenged the injustice. There had been no bucket in the scene I had scripted. But Bosker swept on: "Actors, they call themselves. I've told him ten times it's no good looking anything but blank when they pull the pail off, otherwise the rushes will show him expecting it. No surprise."

"No laugh," agreed Mr. Zooniman.

"Try again," said Bosker, moving away and signing to the stocky man who screamed "All right!" The bell rang. We all turned to stone except the actor in evening dress, who sat down on the gravel and waved his legs in the air.

"Go," muttered Bosker in the hush—and almost immediately threw up

his hands and cried brokenly, "Why— isn't it—on?"

"Cut!" shouted the stocky man. "Victor! Alf!"

"Frankie's up there," said Mr. Zooniman, and raised his voice. "All right, Frankie! Let it down!" All eyes were directed towards the pail, swinging gently on its wire. Bosker shaded his eyes from the blazing arcs. "Frankie!" The pail still swung.

Mr. Zooniman muttered something and looked at his watch. "Gone," he sighed. "Tied the wire on the batten and gone. Oh, well." Looking round me I saw that most of the others had gone too. Others were stealthily slipping on their coats. "All right, all right, see you to-morrow," called Bosker. "We shall have to junk that."

"Junk it, junk it," lamented Mr. Zooniman. "Pity. Going to be a great scene, that."

"I'm glad," I said, skipping out of the path of an urgently tracking camera. "Why don't they go ahead and—er—shoot it?"

"Ten to six, that's why." He showed me his watch. "Union hours. Now, in the old days—No, no!" He knocked my hand aside as I reached for the door, and we stood a moment before a heavy man in a cap stepped forward and opened it.

"He stays until six o'clock," said Mr. Zooniman as we passed through. "Special rate of course." J. B. B.

"How to Stop Smoking—Save money." Advertisement.

And vice versa.



William Seely

"I think they're a little tight across the instep."

Character and Conduct

MY DEAR PATRICK,—If you are to carry out your god-parental duties with the clear-sighted judgment and well-directed guidance which I have come to expect from you, it is right and proper that you should receive a considered report on Roger's character and conduct now that he has attained the age of eight and returned to us after his first term away from home.

Mr. Jackson, his headmaster, had intimated that he was quietly feeling his way and beginning slowly to emerge from his shell. He was, we were assured, making quite a promising start with his work and his games. His mother and I are bound to admit, however, that we were given a somewhat different impression by the boy himself. His life had apparently been lived on a plane of considerable excitement. He had only avoided the biffing which was the almost daily fate of the rest of his fellows by a series of desperate manœuvres and hair's-breadth escapes. This razor-edge existence was hardly surprising since the school was in a perpetual state of rebellion, the temporary failure of which was due to nothing but the sabotage of internal dissension. Gang warfare was rife. His own gaping wounds (one scratch was certainly visible to the maternal, if not the naked, eye) would bear witness to his frantic struggles on behalf of the Cretans against the Carthaginians. How, under such circumstances, could one devote one's whole attention to the downfall of the Beaks? If only

complete harmony could have prevailed the Great Singing Strike would have made them complete masters, or perhaps one should rather say rulers, of the school; but apparently Carthaginians cannot be trusted any more confidently now than in the old days. Even so, abortive though the plot had been owing to blue funk combined with deliberate treachery, it had given rise to the most terrific of all the Jackobates which punctuated the term with an almost monotonous frequency. A half-holiday had been lost, and a further detention had been threatened. Fortunately for Jacko he had relented in time, little knowing that a letter of protest to the Prime Minister had been drafted and furthermore the cost of postage had been over-subscribed.

Sleep was a balm which could only be snatched in the odd moments immediately preceding the rising-bell. The rest of the night was normally given over to feasting and riots. On one occasion Roger himself had been caught red-handed making his bed at midnight, approximately—anyway, Matron had finished her supper. It had been absolutely mince—I refer of course to your godson's bed—by a boy named, but not called, Chambers, but Roger had avoided a well-merited denunciation of his assailant by the employment of his old stuttering device. He was just making his bed, he had replied to outraged authority, and—and—and—. His calculation, derived from some age-old instinct, that no matron could wait longer before delivering herself of her own remarks

proved entirely correct, and Chambers lived to mince another day.

Footer was good fun, and he stripped now at three and a half stone; but he was not entirely satisfied with his placing on the Fifth Game. There were too many Tich-es, for one thing, who merely fly-hacked, and one who was prepared to tackle the Captain of the game, as he had done at least once during the term, should find a more appropriate niche on the Fourth. The whole atmosphere of the Fifth was more casual than Corinthian, but what might be called the root of the trouble lay in the fact that the players *would* take the ball from their own side.

Incidentally, my information about your recent betrothal was dismissed as stale bread and dry biscuits, as you had written to him about it yourself, and anyway it was your own hard cheese and not his funeral.

Things have not changed much since our time, have they?

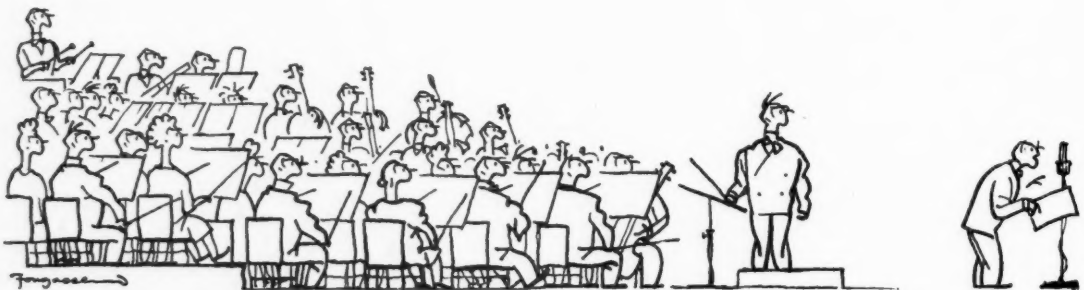
Yours ever,
HENRY.

Compliments of the Season

WHEN we men get a Christmas card,
Each time the hope's renewed
in us

The verses written by the bard
Will be less platitudinous;
But women's pleasure is not marred
Because there's something trite in it,
The thing that seems to them so hard

Is that the senders write in it.
M. H.



"I must apologize to listeners for a slight error in my last announcement. It should have been 'Fate knocking at the door' and not 'Kate'."

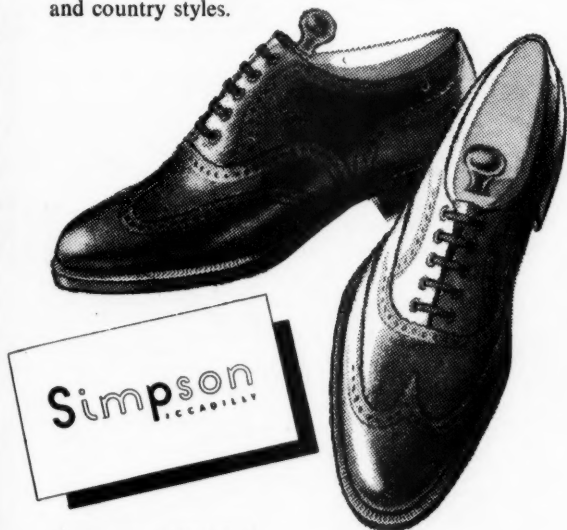
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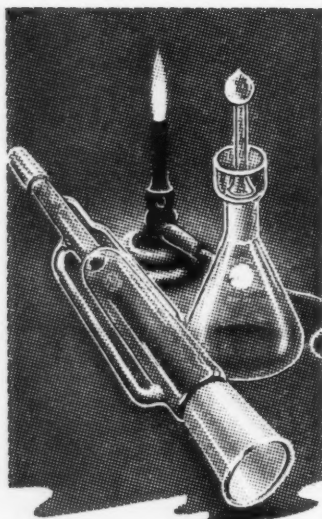
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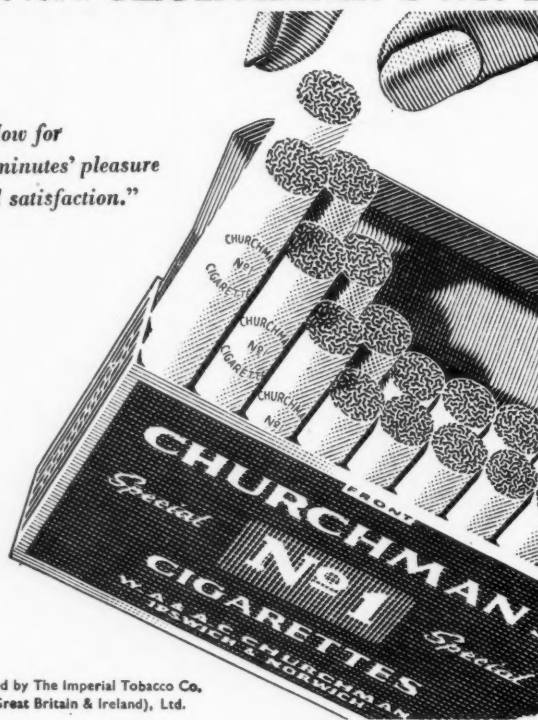
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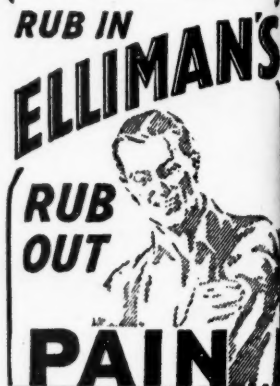
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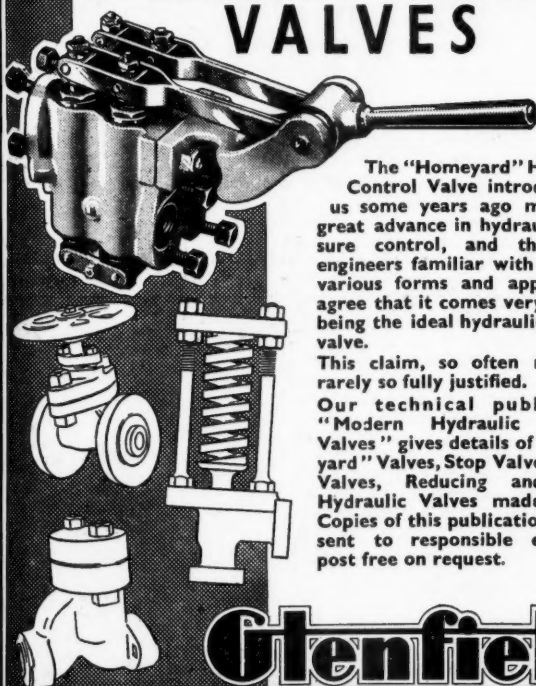


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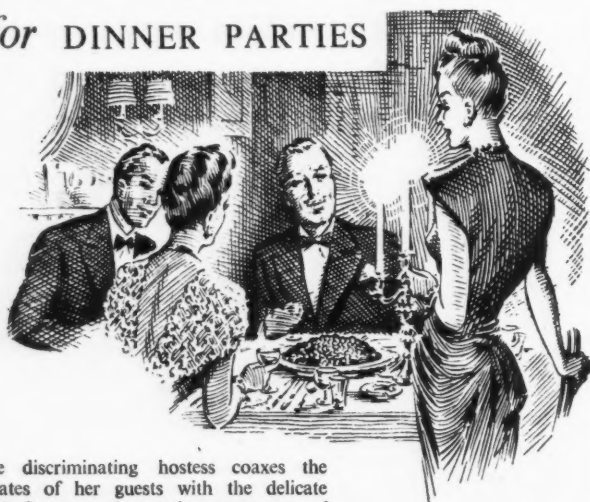
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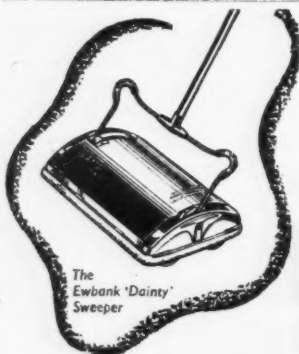


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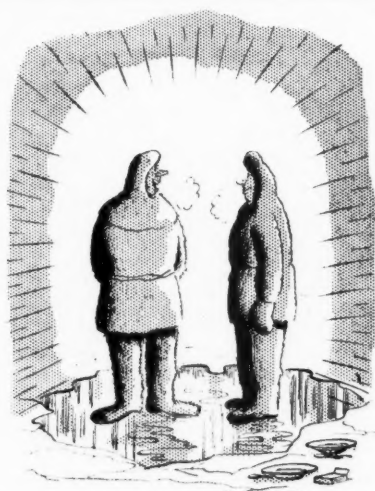
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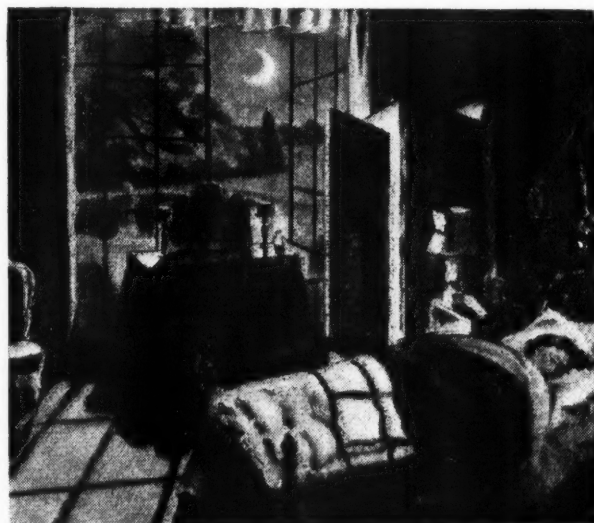
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